

“THE TROLLS”

By Cheryl Kemeny

“Trolls” Cast List (25-50)

Troll Storyteller I: (*one duet: ‘It All Depends’*)

Troll Storyteller II: (*can be combined into 1 role*)

2 Woodsmen, 3 Trees (*pantomime parts*)

Mrs. Larssen: (*solo: “Ev’ry Mother’s Dream” & “Something alive 1*)
(*widowed mother of Kelsey, Inga & Trude*)

Mrs. Lindstrom: (*Mrs. Larsen’s neighbor, speaking role, can double as Troll Queen*)

Gilbo: (*the Larsen’s house troll, solo: “A House Troll’s Life”*)

King Beedlebotch: (*King of Mountain Trolls, comic speaking roles*)

King Heads 1-3 (*speaking roles*)

Mountain Troll Queen: (*character singing & speaking*)

Prince Oddlebot: (*speaking part*) (*son of Beedlebotch & Troll Queen*)

Mountain Troll Kids /Gnomes 1-4 (*speaking, can double as Act I Forest Trolls 1-4*)

3 Huldremaidens: (*beautiful Trolls with tails, singing*)

King Magnar

(*leader of Forest Trolls, speaking*)

Ivar: (*Magnar’s lieutenant, speaking*)

Halvor: (*Magnar’s lieutenant, speaking*)

Forest Trolls 1-4 (*speaking parts, can double as Mountain Troll kids in Act II*)

Royal Secretary (*human, possible solo in “Something Alive”*):

Queen Gertrude: (*human, sings in “Something Alive”, speaking role*)

Princess Valkyrie: (*human, speaking, possible solo or duet in “Something Alive”*)

Prince Leif: (*human, speaking, possible suet in “Something Alive”*)

Oriental Gift Bearer:

Wooden Doll: (*pantomime acting part*)

Wooden Doll Owner:

Kelsey: (*soprano solo, speaking*)

Inga: (*harmony & small solo, speaking*)

Trude: (*harmony & small solo or duet, speaking*)

(*daughters of Mrs. Larsen*)

Fylgja: (*speaking*) (*Kelsey’s guardian angel-ghost*)

All Cast Members double as Mountain Trolls & Forest Trolls when they are not playing specified characters.

SONGS & SCENES

Scene 1 “The Forest Trolls”

Song “Forest Troll Song & Dance” (full cast)

Scene 2 “The Mountain Trolls”

Scene 3 “The Queen’s Court”

Scene 4 “The Market”

Song “It’s Ev’ry Mother’s Dream” (Mrs. Larssen)

Scene 5 “The Larssen’s Home”

Song “Kelsey’s Prayer” (Kelsey, Inga, Trude)

Scene 6 “The Queen’s Court”

*Song “Something Alive” (Queen Gertrude, Royal Secretary, Prince,
Princess &*

Mrs. Larssen)

Scene 7 “The Forest”

Scene 8 “The Larssen’s Home”

ACT 2

Song “It All Depends” (Troll Story-tellers)

Scene 9 “The Cave of the Mountain Trolls”

Song “A House Troll’s Life Is A Sorry Plight” (Gilbo)

Song “Mountain Troll Party Song”

(Troll Queen, Gnomes, Huldremaiden & Trolls)

Scene 10 “The Riddle”

*Song “Nothing Beats A Riddle Like A Joke!” (Kelsey, Inga, Trude,
Beedlekotch)*

Scene 11 “The Finale”

Song “Something Alive (reprise)” (Kelsey, Queen Gertrude, Cast)

“THE TROLLS”

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ACT 1

SCENE 1: “The Forest Trolls”

(The MAINSTAGE is in darkness. The FOREST TROLLS take their places in darkness after a short musical overture)

SONG: “Forest Troll Song” (Full Cast)

Instrumental Dance, then poses for singing

Moon...light trickles through the leaves...
A gentle summer breeze that lifts our voices on a sigh;
Music on the wind...Beckons us begin our magic mystery,
Lift our arms and bend our knee!
When the moon is full and high, We come dancing by and by.
Tripping over forest floor, spinning while our spirits soar!
Swirl and we stop!
Then we spin like top as we sway to sailing melodies.
Reel and cavort in our serious sport, then come roaring to a freeze!
Night...steals away the day,
And then the forest trolls and faeries dance their time away!
We fill the starry sky with the sound of our merry revelry!
Pivot round! Touch the ground! Spring and bound! To the sound!
In and out; to and fro! Side to side; round we go!
Oscillate! Undulate!

GROUP 1

Pulsate!
Jiggle!
Quiver!
Wiggle!
Dance!
Dance!
Dance....the night....a....way!

(song over)

GROUP 2

Vibrate!
Gyrate!
Quaver!
Waver!
Dance to the round!
Dance to the round!
Pivot round! Touch the ground!
Spring and bound! To the sound!

*(Lighting change. Lights down on Forest Trolls. Lights come up tight on 2 Troll-like storytellers on DOWNSTAGE RIGHT . FOREST TROLLS move to set positions in their “trees”. (***TREES should be performed by actors in tree-costumes) Prepare for pantomime of 2 large men coming in & cutting down a tree. The F. TROLLS in the tree die & other F. TROLLS carry away their bodies. The 2 men do not see the invisible TROLLS. They take the tree & leave. This action takes place under the narration.)*

Storyteller 1: *(old voice)* In the mountains and forests of Norway, the winter nights are cold and long. Summer is fleeting for the many Forest Trolls who live there.

Storyteller 2: *(Reacting as if the audience has said they don't believe in Trolls)* Oh? You say you've never **seen** a troll? Now-a-days, I can believe you.

Storyteller 1: Not too many of us around anymore.

Storyteller 2: By far, the most numerous were the Forest Trolls. They lived under the roots and in the branches of the fir trees which filled the forests and covered the mountains. *(lights up ½ on Forest Trolls, who pantomime living.)* At night, they would dance and frolic in the moonlight...

Storyteller 1: But! Pity the poor mortal who was tempted to join them! Dancing with a troll could only lead to death or madness!

Storyteller 2: As time passed, humans began to enter the forests to cut down trees for their houses and barns.

Storyteller 1: What they didn't know, was that every time they killed a tree without warning, the forest trolls who lived in its branches were killed.

Storyteller 2: This caused much bad feeling and ill will among the trolls.

Storyteller 1: So much so, that they complained to their king...

Storyteller 2: The great King Magnar!

*(Lights fade on Storytellers, Lights up on **King Magnar**, who is flanked by **Ivar & Halvor**.)*

Forrest Troll 1: Oh, Great King Magnar! My heart is heavy with the sorrow of lost kin!

Forrest Troll 2: My home is overcrowded with neighbors who have no place to live!

Forrest Troll 1: We have tried to be tolerant of these humans, but they have brought us nothing but misery!

Forrest Troll 2: That’s right! We are so unhappy, we can no longer dance!

All Trolls: *(shouting out different lines at the same time; like an angry crowd would.)*

- 1.) You must do something!
- 2.) We are suffering!
- 3.) Fight the humans!
- 4.) Get rid of these mortals!
- 5.) They’re killing us!

King Magnar: *(raising his arms)* Silence! *(calling to his 2 trusted advisors)* Halvor!
Ivar! What say you?

Halvor: Great king, we must destroy these humans!

All Trolls: **Destroy them!**

Ivar: We must drive them from the forests!

All Trolls: **Drive them out!**

King Magnar: *(thinking seriously for a moment)* I agree. *(pause)* But, we cannot do it alone. We must have help from our cousins, the mountain trolls.

Forest Troll 3: We don’t like them, either!

King Magnar: We cannot get rid if the humans without them. Halvor! Ivar! Arrange a meeting with Beedlekotch!

(Lights change on TROLLS as the FOREST TROLLS drift back to their trees in family groups & KING BEEDLEKOTCH walks into place, slightly left of CENTER, DOWNSTAGE. Lights up on STORYTELLERS, DOWNSTAGE RIGHT.)

Scene 2 “The Mountain Trolls”

STORYTELLER 1: *(speaking during the scene change.)* Now, the mountain trolls were a different breed! They were dirty and smelly...

STORYTELLER 2: *(interrupting)* And they had long tails and big noses! They were hairy and ugly...

STORYTELLER 1: But, thought themselves to be very beautiful! Their king...

S.T. 2: King Beedlekotch had **four** heads...

S.T. 1: And was very ill-tempered!

(Lights go down on STORYTELLERS. Lights up on KING MAGNAR, IVAR, HALVOR, & BEEDLEKOTCH.)

King Beedlekotch: *(derisively)* What’s the trouble...**little**...cousin?

3 Heads: *(laugh hysterically)* Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

King Magnar: I didn’t come here to be insulted, Beedlekotch. We need your help.

Beedlekotch: Well, 4 heads are certainly better than one!

3 Heads: *(nodding in agreement)* Ha ha ha!

Beedlekotch: *(gruffly)* What do you want from me?

King Magnar: The humans have been cutting down too many fir trees. They are killing my people. At first, we ignored it, but now, it’s more than we can bear.

Beedlekotch: And **so**.....?

King Magnar: So, join us in great war against them!

3 Heads: *(growling)* Arggggggrrrrrrrr!

Beedlekotch: *(evilly)* I admit, nothing tastes better than human stew, but, why would we go to war to help you?

King Magnar: Beedlekotch, **you** may not care that we are being exterminated, but what if the mountain trolls are next?

Ivar: The humans may even enter your **mines** and steal your precious **gold** before long!

4 Heads: *(roaring)* They wouldn’t dare!

Halvor: We thought the same thing, and now look where we are!

4 Heads: *(bellowing)* So be it!

Beedlekotch: No human shall enter the forest or chop down any fir tree on pain of **death!** Disaster will befall **any** mortal who **dares** steal one of our trees from this day forward!

(KING MAGNAR, IVAR, HALVOR & BEEDLEKOTCH all nod in solemn agreement. Freeze. Lights change. BEEDLEKOTCH Exits, UPSTAGE LEFT. The set is changed. FOREST TROLLS “trees” are moved. GILBO posts big “Keep out or you die!” sign on a central tree UPSTAGE LEFT, at entrance to FOREST. “ROYAL COURT PAINTED FOLDING SCREENS & Throne are brought in STAGE RIGHT. MRS. LARSEN’S house is located on STAGE LEFT. KING MAGNAR, IVAR, HALVOR exit. QUEEN, ROYAL SECRETARY, PRINCESS & PRINCE take places Stage Right. MRS. LARSEN’S daughters, KELSEY, INGA & TRUDE are seated knitting, spinning & mending in their house. THEY remain frozen in darkness while the next scene progresses.)

Scene 3 “The Queen’s Court”

Storyteller 1: *(lights coming up on STAGE RIGHT.)* So began the Great War.

Storyteller 2: It lasted for three years, and during that time no human was allowed to enter the Forbidden Forest.

Storyteller 1: But...how did it really come about, this **Great War**?

Storyteller 2: Ignorance.

Storyteller 1: Misunderstanding.

Storyteller 2: Selfishness!

Storyteller 1: All the usual causes *(realizing he/she’s rambling on)* Oh! But, back to our story!

Storyteller 2: Three years had now passed since the beginning of this Great War, and the kingdom had become very poor.

Storyteller 1: People could no longer build houses and they suffered during the long winters for lack of firewood. *(HUMANS Onstage pantomime shivering)*

Storyteller 2: The queen who ruled the country was very depressed. *(Lights up on Queen & Company, Downstage Right.)*

Queen: Why can’t life be like it was before? Where are the parties? Where is the fun?

Royal Secretary: Your Majesty, have you forgotten we are at war?

Queen: (*commanding*) Do not speak to me of that stupid war again! I am too depressed to deal with it any longer.

R. Secretary: But, we must **do** something....

Queen: Didn't you hear me? I forbid you to speak of the war until I am in better frame of mind! (*QUEEN sits down on her throne, resting her elbow on the arm of the chair, head in hand.*)

R. Secretary: (*Moving downstage & motioning for the Prince & Princess to join her. Prince LEIF & troll-faced Princess VALKYRIE stand on either side of her.*) We must do something to cheer up your mother, or you two will have no kingdom to inherit.

Princess Valkyrie: (*whining*) But, mother said we're not allowed to talk about it.

R. Secretary: Someone has to face reality here. We are losing this war. In another year, our country will starve. Your mother is an able ruler, but we **must** help her to regain her will.

Prince Leif: What can we do to help?

R. Secretary: I have a plan. We will have a contest. Anyone who can bring a gift or perform a service that will restore the Queen's spirits will win.

Princess Valkyrie: What's the prize?

R. Secretary: Whoever succeeds gets to marry **you** or your brother and inherits half the kingdom.

Princess V.: (*stamping her foot*) No way! No! No! Noooo way!

R. Secretary: Desperate times call for desperate measures!

Prince Leif: (*quieting his sister*) The Royal Secretary is right. We have to do something and it's worth a try. I will agree to the contest.

(*LIGHTS DOWN on Royal Group. ROYAL GROUP EXITS, UPSTAGE RIGHT.*)

Storyteller 1: (*LIGHTS UP, FAR STAGE-RIGHT*) So, word was spread throughout the kingdom about the contest.

(*TOWNSPEOPLE are pantomiming gossip about the contest on the STAGE LEFT portion of the MAINSTAGE, including MRS. LINDSTROM. THE ROYAL AREA remains*

in darkness. MRS. LARSEN ENTERS, UPSTAGE LEFT carrying a small basket of eggs for sale.)

Storyteller 2: Many women thought to try their luck because the Prince was known to be handsome **and** charming.

Storyteller 1: On the other hand, the Princess was **famous** for her troll-like face and nasty disposition, and very few men thought it worth their while to be married to such a girl, just to win half of a **poor** kingdom that was involved in a **losing** war.

Scene 4 “The Market”

(LIGHTS DOWN ON STORYTELLERS, UP ON DOWNSTAGE LEFT OF CENTER. MRS. LINDSTROM meets MRS. LARSEN. MRS. LARSEN is selling eggs.)

Mrs. Lindstrom: Good day, Mrs. Larssen! Have you got any eggs for me?

Mrs. Larssen: I certainly do. How many would you like?

Mrs. Lindstrom: Four is all I can afford today. Have you heard about the Queen’s contest? *(The Ladies pantomime buying & selling eggs.)*

Mrs. Larssen: No, I haven’t. What kind of contest is it?

Mrs. Lindstrom: It seems that Queen Gertrude is very depressed, what with the war going so badly and all. So, she’s offered marriage to the Prince or Princess, **plus half** the kingdom to the person who brings a gift that will cheer her up.

Mrs. Larssen: *(nodding & listening intently)* Is **your** son going to try his luck?

Mrs. Lindstrom: Good heavens, no! He says he’d just as soon marry a **troll** as marry the Princess. But, the **Prince** is quite charming, they say. And he **certainly** is handsome! He’d be quite a prize for your daughter, Kelsey.

Mrs. Larssen: That he **would**, Mrs. Lindstrom. But, what could a poor **widow** like me offer to a queen?

Mrs. Lindstrom: *(nodding in agreement)* She probably has all the eggs she needs. Have a pleasant day Mrs. Larsen, and try to stay warm. Winter solstice will soon be upon us. *(Exit Stage Left)*

Mrs. Larssen: *(waving)* Good bye, Mrs. Lindstrom. *(thinking to herself)* A prince

Mrs. Larssen: Spice it is! *(giving Trude a hug) (to the other girls, bursting with the news)* You’ll never **guess** what I heard today!

Inga: *(the sarcastic, middle child, dryly)*
All human life as we know it is coming to an end.

Kelsey: *(reprovingly)* Inga! Can’t you ever be cheerful?

Mrs. Larssen: Girls, please. No arguing.

Kelsey & Inga: *(contritely)* Yes, mother.

Mrs. Larssen: It seems Queen Gertrude is holding a **contest** and the winner gets to marry the **prince** and inherit **half** the kingdom.

Inga: Half of zero is zero.

(KELSEY, TRUDE & Mrs. LARSSEN flash her a look. INGA shrugs and goes back to her knitting.)

Kelsey: What do you have to do to win?

Mrs. Larssen: Who ever brings a gift or performs a service that will make the Queen happy wins.

Trude: Why is the Queen unhappy?

Mrs. Larssen: Because of the war, dear.

Kelsey: We could never win, mother. The war has made **us** poor, too. What could **we** have to offer that would please the Queen?

Mrs. Larssen: Kelsey, you’re beginning to sound like Inga. *(pause, as they all give each other looks)* But, I suppose you’re right. Still, it’s nice to dream. *(The family goes about it’s chores in silence for a few moments, then suddenly TRUDE speaks up.)*

Trude: What about our **tree**? *(Pointing to a small tree in a pot, DSR.)*

Mrs. Larssen, Inga & Kelsey: *(to Trude)* Sssssshhhhh!

Kelsey: *(stage whisper)* Gilbo might hear you! *(GILBO’S head pops up around the corner)* You never know when he’s listening. *(Kelsey’s FYLGJA has been sitting motionless on the opposite side of the room from Gilbo. The FYLGJA sees him watching the girls & she stands up &*

puts both her hands on her hips in a gesture of disapproval. GILBO sticks out his tongue at her)

Kelsey: You know our tree is a secret.

Trude: I know. But, we raised it from a **pine cone**. And the pine cone rolled into **our** yard, so ... it's **ours**.

Inga: Do you think **that** matters to troll? They won't know how we got it.

Kelsey: Still...it **would** make a wonderful present. No one else will bring a tree, I'm sure of it!

Mrs. Larssen: But...how will we get it to the Queen?

Kelsey: We can put it in our little wagon and pull it behind us!

Inga: *(sarcastically)* **Great!** And when the trolls see us, they'll put us all in a **great** big pot, boil us alive and feed us to their children!

Kelsey: We could cover it with a blanket so they wouldn't see it!

Inga: That's **not** going to fool a troll!

Mrs. Larssen: Inga's right. I will go to the Queen, **alone**, with our offer. There is **no** sense in risking our lives if she's not interested.

Trude: *(alarmed)* You're going to leave us here alone?

Mrs. Larssen: Don't worry, Trude. Kelsey's fylgja will protect you while I'm away.

Inga: How do we know she **has** one, if we can't see it? *(INGA gets up & makes a circle around KELSEY as she speaks, as if looking for the FYLGJA.)*

Mrs. Larssen: Kelsey was **born** with a fylgja, you can believe me. *(sighing)* Inga, how many **times** do I have to tell you. The **only** time you can see a fylgja is in a warning dream or right before death.

Inga: I'd just as soon not see one then. *(sitting back down to her knitting)*

Mrs. Larssen: *(putting on a heavy shawl & scarf)* Very well. Kiss your mother good-bye, girls. I'm off to win our fortune.

Kelsey: *(hugging her mother)* Goodbye, mother, and good luck. We'll miss you.

Trude: Be careful, mother. (*hugging her mother*)

Inga: Don't let any trolls get you. (*hugging her mother*)

Mrs. Larssen: I won't. (*Exit LEFT*) Stay inside, girls. Good bye!

(*The SISTERS looks after their mother wistfully, then go back to their knitting & spinning.*)

Trude: Kelsey? Wouldn't it be wonderful if you were to marry the Prince?

Inga: What if he's ugly as a toad?

Kelsey: I've heard he's very handsome **and** charming.

Trude: If you married the Prince, would that make **us** Princesses, too?

Kelsey: (*thinking*) I don't know. (*beat*) (*Lighting change, as if it got dark outside.*) It's getting late, sisters. We'd better go to bed.

Trude: Can we say our prayers around our little tree?

Kelsey: (*sighing*) It may be our last night with it.

Inga: Well, **I'll** be glad when it's gone. That tree makes me nervous.

Trude: (*almost in tears*) What a mean thing to say!

Inga: It's **true!** Lots of men have **died** for chopping down trees just like that one! We may be **next**, if we don't get rid of it.

Trude: I love our tree and **I** wish we could keep it!

Kelsey: Please stop arguing! We'll all have bad dreams if you keep it up. Inga, put the tree on the table, please.

(*INGA grudgingly complies. The sisters fall silent. KELSEY walks to a cabinet & takes something out of it. It is wrapped in cloth. Bringing it to the tree, she says.*)

Kelsey: Papa bought this for us before you were born, Trude. (*Kelsey unwraps a golden angel holding a candle*) I think our tree is big enough to wear it this year. (*KELSEY places the angel on the top of the tree.*)

Trude: (*sadly*) I wish papa were here to see it now.

Kelsey: Time for prayers. (*The sisters stand around the tree holding hands & sing*)

SONG

“Kelsey’s Prayer”

KELSEY: Night.....steals away the day;
Then comes the time to pray....
Pray the Lord will keep us safe when we close our eyes
And lay us down to sleep.
We’ll close our eyes and lay us down...to sleep.
Dreams will come and fill our minds with peace,
Until the day returns and gives us all release.
Angels, watch over us tonight!
Keep away all fear and fright
Fold us in protecting wings,
Keeping us always in God’s sight.

KEL., INGA & TRUDE: Night.....steals away the day;
Then comes the time to pray....
Pray the Lord will keep us safe when we close our eyes
And lay us down to sleep.
We’ll close our eyes and lay us down...to sleep.
Dreams will come and fill our minds with peace,
Until the day returns and gives us all release.
Angels, watch over us tonight!
Keep away all fear and fright
Fold us in protecting wings,
Keeping us always in God’s sight.
Night.....steals away the day;
Then comes the time to pray....
Pray the Lord will keep us safe when we close our eyes
And lay us down to sleep.
We’ll close our eyes and lay us down...to sleep.

(song over)

Kelsey: Let’s get ready for bed. *(The sisters unroll bed mats. KELSEY places pillows on the beds. The sisters take off their outer clothing, they “sleep” in flannel nightgowns which double as blouse & slips. GILBO is pacing back & forth to the RIGHT, eyeing the tree on the table. The FYLGJA goes over to him and they engage in a pantomimed, silent argument.)* Good night.

Trude & Inga: Good night. *(The sisters go to sleep. An instrumental version of the Prayer Song is playing softly under the action. GILBO sees that the girls are asleep, then proceeds to stealthily carry away the tree. When GILBO gets near the door with it, he remembers the angel & takes it off, placing it where the tree had been. GILBO gives the helpless FYLGJA an apologetic look & shrugs. The FYLGJA wrings her hands & paces, very upset. GILBO exits with the tree.)*

Fylja: *(standing over KELSEY in a blue light, which makes the spirit look very ghostly. The underscoring music continues as she speaks in an eerie voice.)*

Kelsey...Kelsey...you must listen to me. The house troll, Gilbo, is stealing your tree. You must wake up and catch him before it is too late. Wake up...wake up... before he gets away....

Kelsey: *(waking up with a start; the blue light immediately disappears.)* Oh! I just had the strangest dream. *(holding her head)*

Trude: *(waking up)* Kelsey? What is it?

Kelsey: I'm sorry. I had a bad dream. I dreamt that Gilbo had stolen our *(looking to where the tree had been, and jumping forward)* OUR TREE! It's gone!

Inga: *(waking up)* What is it? What's going on?

Kelsey: Our tree is missing! I dreamed that Gilbo stole it, and now it's missing! *(As KELSEY is speaking, GILBO re-enters, through the door.)*

Inga: *(seeing Gilbo)* There he is! Get him! *(INGA runs to Stage LEFT, behind GILBO, & KELSEY runs to his STAGE RIGHT side. They capture GILBO between them & drag him to a chair.)* You little wretch! What have you done with our tree?

Gilbo: I burned it! And don't call me names!

Kelsey: You wouldn't burn it. What did you **really** do with it?

Gilbo: *(lying)* I helped your mother bring it to the Queen!

Inga: You're lying!

Kelsey: Tell us the truth, Gilbo! Where is it?

Gilbo: If you **must** know, I gave it to the forest trolls.

Kelsey: How dare you steal our tree?!

Gilbo: **Your** tree?! You were going to give it to the Queen, and **she** doesn't deserve it! I didn't mind when **you** had it, because you took good care of it. But, the Queen would have **killed** it!

Inga: She may kill **us**, if we don't bring her that tree!

Kelsey: *(thinking)* What if we make the Queen promise not to kill it?

- Gilbo:** What makes you think she’ll keep her promise?
- Kelsey:** (*frustrated*) I don’t know. I can only **try** to get her to agree. But, **first**, we need to get our tree back! Gilbo, **you’re** going to show me where you took it!
- Gilbo:** Me?! I don’t like to travel.
- Kelsey:** Nevertheless, Gilbo, you must be my guide!
- Gilbo:** Are you crazy? You can’t enter the Forbidden Forest! The trolls will **kill** you!
- Kelsey:** I’m sure they won’t harm me if **you** tell them not to!
- Gilbo:** You don’t understand! The trolls don’t even like **me**!
- Inga:** They’re not the only ones.
- Kelsey:** We won’t let you go unless you promise to help!
- Gilbo:** Alright, alright! But, I’m doing this under protest.
- Trude:** I’m going with you!
- Inga:** (*Kelsey & Trude look at her.*) You’re not leaving **me** here alone to face the Queen!
- Kelsey:** Let’s go!
- Gilbo:** (*As they exit, Stage Left*) You’d better leave a note for your mother.
- Inga:** (*running to the cabinet & scribbling a note, while Kelsey keeps hold of Gilbo.*) How could we forget?!
- Gilbo:** Bid her farewell. We probably **won’t** return. At least, not in one piece.
- (*The SISTERS give the cottage one last look, steel themselves & exit with Gilbo.*)

Scene 6 “The Queen’s Court”

(*A short segment of “Troll Song” travel music is heard as lights come up on Stage Right of the Royal Court. MRS. LARSEN is waiting in line behind a woman in Far Eastern clothing who is holding a jeweled box in her hands. Music-Box music begins to play & a “wooden doll” is doing a mechanical dance for the QUEEN, who is seated on the throne, surrounded by the ROYAL SECRETARY, THE PRINCE & PRINCESS. The WOMAN who has brought the gift stands to the*

left, happy that the Queen is enjoying the present. The music stops and the doll winds down into an awkward pose.)

Queen: *(suddenly standing to see what has happened, then bursting into tears when she assumes the doll is broken.)* Nooo! Happiness is fleeting!
Nothing lasts forever!

Royal Secretary: *(“shooing away” the lady with the doll, she runs to the QUEEN.)*
Please don’t cry, your Majesty! I’m sure the next gift will make you happy!

Queen: *(falling back onto the throne)* **Nothing** can make me happy! **Nothing!**

(The ROYAL SECRETARY motions to the lady with the jeweled box, who presents the box to the Queen in pantomime.)

Far Eastern Lady: Your Royal Highness! I have traveled thousands of miles to bring you this gift from our Emperor!

Mrs. Larssen: *(talking aloud to herself)* All these fabulous gifts! How could I think the Queen would be interested in our little tree? I must leave before I embarrass myself.

(The QUEEN has been examining a large crystal. She returns it to the box, then hands the box back to the woman.)

Queen: Take these jewels away! They remind me of ice and snow! *(The surprised woman exits, UpStage Right with her box of jewels, shaking her head. The QUEEN, with her hand to her heart, descends from the throne and moves DownStage.)* Will I never see summer again? This cold makes me think **only** of death. I will **not** be happy unless I can possess something green and **alive.**

SONG

“Something Alive”

QUEEN: Something alive....
A sign that will speak to all men.
Something to remind me that Spring
Will come again
Something alive....
To show me that hope springs eternal;
I want something that’s vibrant and green;
A symbol of what life can mean,
An emblem of dreams that survive,
Something alive....
Then, when the nights are growing cold,

I'll still have one reminder of
Summer, when youth was mine to hold...
A time when my heart was filled with love,
Was filled with love...

R. SECRETARY: Something alive....
A sign that will speak to all men.
Something to remind her that Spring
Will come again.
Something alive....

PRINCESS: To show her that hope springs eternal;
She wants something that's vibrant and green;
A symbol of what life can mean,
An emblem of dreams that survive,

R.S. & PRINCE & PRINCESS: Something alive!

MRS. LARSSEN: Maybe I have a chance!
Maybe I have a prayer!
Maybe my dreams and plans will come true if I dare?
Dare to speak up, 'though I'm afraid,
I've got something alive, and it's vibrant and green;
It's a symbol of life and all it can mean,
An emblem of dreams that survive,
Something alive!

ALL: Something alive! Something alive!
Something that's vibrant and green;
A symbol of what life can mean,
An emblem of dreams that survive,
Something alive! Something alive!
Something ali.....ve!

(HILDE LARSSEN is encouraged by what she has heard & wants to speak to the Queen.)

Mrs. Larssen: *(to R. Secretary)* May I see the Queen?

R. Secretary: Now is not the time. Her majesty is too distraught to see anyone else today.

Mrs. Larssen: But...I think I have something that really **will** please the Queen.

R. Secretary: *(sighing)* Let **me** see it first, then.

Mrs. Larssen: *(hesitating)* I...I don't have it with me. It's at home.

R. Secretary: *(annoyed)* **What?!** What kind of game are you playing? I cannot allow you to upset the Queen anymore than she already **is!** You must leave! *(pointing to the Exit)* *(QUEEN sobbing loudly from the throne)*

- R. Secretary:** *(forgetting Mrs. Larssen, she runs up to the QUEEN.)* Your Majesty! What’s the matter?
- Queen:** Life simply isn’t worth living! Everything around me is dead and I want to die, too.
- Princess:** *(throwing herself at her mother’s knees & holding onto her skirt)* Mother! Don’t say that!
- R. Secretary:** Your Majesty! How can you **say** such a thing? You are Queen! Your people **love** you!
- Prince:** *(anxiously)* Surely there must be **something** that will please you, mother?
- Queen:** *(speaking sadly, but loudly)* Winter Solstice is upon us again. Ever since I was a child, I’ve always had a beautiful fir tree to decorate...to remind me that life goes on...even in our darkest hours. I know I will never survive the coming winter, unless I have a tree this year.
- Prince:** Mother! You can’t mean that!
- Princess:** *(wailing)* Mama! You **can’t** leave us! What will we do without you?!
- R. Secretary:** *(nervously pacing)* Your Majesty, you know it is **certain** death to enter the Forbidden Forest and take a tree.
- Prince:** **No** man has ever returned who tried!
- R. Secretary:** And what **few** trees we had growing in the villages were used up the first year of the war!
- Mrs. Larssen:** *(she has followed the R. Secretary to the QUEEN & now speaks up)* Excuse me, Your Majesty. *(all heads turn to look at her. SHE curtsies.)* I...I **may** have something that will please you.
- R. Secretary:** *(“in her face” & hissing angrily)* **Can’t** you see the Queen is indisposed? *(Trying to push MRS. LARSEN from the room.)*
- Mrs. Larssen:** But...but...I have a **tree!** *(calling over her shoulder)*
- Queen:** *(looking up)* What?! What did she say?

Princess: (*bellowing gleefully*) She said she has a **tree!**

Queen: (*commanding*) **Bring** that woman to me! (*The R. Secretary escorts LARSEN to the QUEEN.*) Explain to me **exactly** what you mean. **No one** has had a tree for years. How have **you** come by one?

Mrs. Larssen: (*explaining*) I live in a cottage next to the Forbidden Forest with my three daughters. Three years ago, my eldest daughter, Kelsey, discovered a pine cone which had rolled onto our land. With the help of her sisters, she planted and nurtured it until it grew into a little tree.

Queen: (*eagerly*) Where is it?

Mrs. Larssen: It’s at my home. I didn’t want to risk traveling with a tree by myself.

Queen: (*gleefully*) Go home, **chop** it down and bring it to me immediately!

Mrs. Larssen: There’s no need to chop it down, Your Majesty, for it is growing in a little pot. We were planning to bring it to you in a wagon and cover it with a blanket. That way, no one would know what it was and we could bring it here safely.

Queen: (*nodding her head*) It **is** wise to be cautious. I will send my son and my Royal Secretary with you for protection. But, you **must** hurry! If you do not return with the tree in **three** days time, I will surely die!

Princess: (*whining loudly*) I want to go, too!

Queen: (*sighing*) Very well. You may go, as well, but be **careful**. And don’t travel at night!

(The R. Secretary, Prince, Princess & Mrs. Larssen EXIT & travel to the LARSEN Cottage. LIGHTS DOWN on the Royal Court scene. Stagehands remove the Royal Court scene & Queen exits in darkness, under the narration of the Storytellers. The Royal Court Scene is replaced by the forest. KING MAGNAR, IVAR & HALVOR silently take their places on MAINSTAGE.)

Scene 7 “The Forest”

(LIGHTS UP on STAGE RIGHT, STORYTELLERS.)

Storyteller 2: And so, Mrs. Larssen, the Royal Secretary, the troll-faced Princess and the Prince set off for the cottage.

Storyteller 1: But...as you have seen, all was not well at the cottage. The three sisters had entered the Forbidden Forest with Gilbo as their guide.

Storyteller 2: Before long, they were captured by the Forest Trolls and brought to King Magnar. *(4 Forest Trolls bring in the 3 sisters & Gilbo from UPSTAGE LEFT ENTRANCE. The prisoners are blindfolded. They are followed by the FYLGJA.)*

Forest Troll 3: King Magnar! We captured these humans wandering about the forest.

Forest Troll 4: They were following the traitor, Gilbo.

Gilbo: *(pulling off his blindfold)* I'm no traitor! They **made** me bring them!

Ivar: How could they make you?

Gilbo: They captured me after I stole their tree!

Halvor: How could **they** have a tree?

Kelsey: *(pulling off her blindfold)* I found a pine cone in my yard and planted it. We raised that tree and it's **ours**!

Ivar: All mortals are forbidden to chop down trees!

Kelsey: We **didn't** chop it down! It's growing in a pot!

King Magnar: Then, why did you steal it, Gilbo?

Gilbo: They were going to give it to the **Queen** and she **would** have killed it.

Kelsey: *(arguing)* You don't know that for sure!

King Magnar: Silence! *(to Forest Trolls)* Where is the tree, now?

Forest Troll 4: We have it in safe keeping, oh great King.

King Magnar: Good. *(thinking)* We must visit King Beedlekotch to discuss the fate of the tree and the prisoners.

Gilbo: Not **Beedlekotch**! Why don't you just kill us **now!?**

Halvor: Quiet, House Troll! Do not be disrespectful to our king!

Gilbo: *(throwing himself on his knees in front of the king)* But, King Magnar, why do you need **Beedlekotch**'s advice?

King Magnar: I have no love for Beedlekotch, but, this is **war** and he is our ally. We cannot make such an important decision without consulting with him.

Gilbo: Beedlekotch hates **everybody!** *(to the sisters)* I **told** you we’d never return alive.

King Magnar: Replace their blindfolds! We travel to the cave of the Mountain Trolls!

(They all exit UPSTAGE RIGHT. LIGHTS UP on Storytellers, FAR STAGE RIGHT.)

Storyteller 1: And so it was with great fear that Gilbo and the sisters were brought to the cave of the Mountain Trolls.

Storyteller 2: Meanwhile, after a day’s travel, Mrs. Larssen and the Royal party had arrived at the cottage.

Scene 8 “The Larssen’s Home”

(Lights up on Cottage. MRS. LARSSEN & ROYAL PARTY enter up stairs, Stage Left.)

Mrs. Larssen: *(calling as she enters)* Girls! I’m home! *(seeing that they are not there.)* That’s strange. It’s dark. Where could they be? *(noticing the tree is missing)* And where’s the tree? *(becoming frightened)* Good heavens! Where are my children? *(The PRINCE has picked up the note.)*

Prince: It seems they’ve left a note for you!?

Mrs. Larssen: I’m afraid to look at it. What does it say?

Princess V: *(grabbing it from her brother and reading)* “Dear Mother, Gilbo has stolen our tree. We have gone with him into the Forbidden Forest to get it back for the Queen.”

Mrs. Larssen: *(collapsing into chair & weeping)* No! It can’t be! I must go find them!

R. Secretary: It’s certain death. You **can’t** go!

Mrs. Larssen: If my children die, I have no reason to live.

Princess: What about my mother?! If we don’t come back with that tree, **she** will die! And we only have **two** days left!

Prince: I’m going with you Mrs. Larssen. I must do what I can to save my mother!

R. Secretary: Then I must go, too.

Princess: I’ll lead the way! I’ve had **enough** of this war and no stupid **troll** is going to stop me from getting a tree for my mother!

(BLACKOUT)

End of Act I

Act II

Scene 9 “The Cave of the Mountain Trolls”

S.T. 1: Welcome back! We hope we haven’t frightened you!

S.T. 2: When we last spoke, Kelsey, Inga, Trude and Gilbo had been captured by King Magnar and the Forest Trolls, ...

S.T. 1: . . . **and** they were being brought to King Beedlekotch, the 4-headed Mountain Troll.

S.T. 2: Ah, yes! It may seem harsh to you, but war is seldom reasonable.

S.T. 1: The humans thought they were right. . .

S.T. 2: ... and the Trolls thought **they** were right!

S.T. 1: I guess it all depends on your point of view.

STORY-TELLER TROLL SONG: “IT ALL DEPENDS”

BOTH: It all depends on where you’re coming from.
It all depends upon your point of view.
It all depends on how you look at it,
That determines how you think and what you do.

ST1: Now, you may think the trolls were wrong
For keeping humans from the forest for so long.

ST2: But, how would you like it if your house was torn from under you?
The forest trolls were desperate!

- BOTH:** What else could they do?
It all depends on where you're coming from.
It all depends upon your point of view.
It all depends on how you look at it,
That determines how you think and what you do.
- ST1:** Now, you may say the humans didn't know any better.
- ST2:** But, a troll isn't one to be a “forgive and forgetter”!.
“Ignorance is bliss!” they say,
And the humans were warned to stay away!
- ST1:** Still, they chose to continue their thoughtless way,
And so they were all made to pay.
- ST2:** So, who is right and who is wrong?
- ST1:** Why can't we just get along?
Don't you agree it would be wise
To come up with a compromise?
- BOTH:** But, It all Depends on where you're coming from.
It all depends upon your point of view.
It all depends on how you look at it,
That determines how you think and what you do.
- ST2:** Now, the humans were suff'ring for they couldn't understand,
Why the trolls were making their demands.
“What's the harm in cutting down a tree?”
They couldn't comprehend, they just couldn't see.
- ST1:** For the trolls had never explained
The reason why they had complained.
The humans just didn't know
That they'd caused this imbroglio
By cutting down a tree
Before they warned the trolls to flee!
- BOTH:** So you see. . .
It All Depends on where you're coming from.
It all depends upon your point of view.
It all depends on how you look at it,
That determines how you think.....
And what you do.....! *Song over*

(Forest Trolls instrumental travel music is heard. The LARSSSEN’S COTTAGE is removed during intermission and area is now used as the entrance area to the Cave of the Mountain Trolls. The main stage is set up as the Mountain Troll Lair. KING MAGNAR, IVAR, HALVOR, GILBO & 3 sisters followed by FYLGJA enter.)

Mountain Troll 1: *(confronting Halvor)* Who goes there?

Halvor: King Magnar with a party of prisoners!

Mountain Troll 2: Why have you come?

Ivar: King Magnar wishes to meet with King Beedlekotch!

Mountain Troll 1: Follow us!

(Lights up on BEEDLEKOTCH, TROLL QUEEN & TROLL KIDS. PRINCE ODDLEBOT is standing nearby, as some TROLL KIDS are scratching Beedlekotch’s heads. The TROLL QUEEN is cooking over a big cauldron.)

Troll Queen: *(to kids)* Fetch me some snails for your father’s stew!

Troll Kid 1: *(whining)* Why?

Troll Queen: Do it **now**, or I’ll cook **you**, instead!

Troll Kid 1: Why can’t Boible get it? *(pointing to Boible)*

Troll Queen: Because, Boible’s going to bring me some worms, aren’t you. Boible? *(She holds up a large wooden spoon, as if to whack Boible on the head.)*

Boible: Alright! I’m going! *(to Troll Kid 1)* Come on, snail slime, let’s get to it! *(They exit Stage Right & return with various ingredients.)*

Troll Queen: *(to the other Troll Kids, who were Forest Trolls in Act I.)*
Now, scratch your father’s head!

Mountain Troll 1: *(moving forward with prisoners)* Oh Great King and Queen! I bring you King Magnar and a party of prisoners!

(King Magnar steps forward to greet King Beedlekotch)

King Magnar: Greetings, Beedlekotch!

King Beedlekotch: This is a nice little present you’ve brought me, Magnar.

(King Heads all nosily lick their chops & make slurping noises)

Beedlekotch: Meet my son, Prince Oddlebot.

King Magnar: Good evening, Prince.

Oddlebot: *(loudly guffawing)* **This** little creature’s a **king**?! Why...I could crush him with **one** foot!

Magnar: *(placing his hand on his magic sword)* I wouldn’t try it!

Troll Queen: *(stepping forward & interrupting them)* You fellows are just in **time!** I was feeding old Beedie here a little snack before the big party tonight. Why don’t you send for the wife and kids and join us? Everyone’s coming! We’re gonna **rock** this rock tonight!

Magnar: *(to Beedlekotch)* I didn’t come here for a party, Beedlekotch. I came here for a war council.

Beedlekotch: How **dare** you insult my wife?! She’s even going to **sing** for us! No party, no war council!

Magnar: *(pausing)* Very well, then! Halvor! Fetch my wife. Gilbo! You guard the prisoners during the revels!

Troll Kid 1: *(to Beedlekotch)* Why can’t those ugly humans scratch your heads, while we help mother with the stew?

Troll Kid 2: *(whining & pointing)* We should make them our slaves!

Troll Queen: Quiet down and keep scratching! The stew’s ready. *(To the Troll Kids)* Now, go feed your father while I go fix myself up for the party. Woo hoo!

(The Troll Kids walk back & forth from the cauldron to Beedlekotch, feeding the Heads with wooden spoons. The heads greedily gulp down the stew. Meanwhile, GILBO moves Downstage Left with the SISTERS, followed by the FYLGJA. They take off their blindfolds & sit down in a group, scared.)

Mountain Troll 4: *(Entering through Forest, STAGE 3)* King Beedlekotch! The Huldremaidens have arrived with their instruments. *(The Huldremaidens have entered behind him. They are dressed in white and carry instruments. They have tails hanging out of their dresses.)*

Beedlekotch: Greetings, lovely maidens, and welcome!

Huldremaidens: (*curtseying to King*) Greetings, oh great King Beedlekotch!

Beedlekotch: (*motioning for the KID TROLLS to go away*) Please join our other guests! The revels are about to begin! (*TROLLS have been ENTERING UPSTAGE RIGHT & LEFT for the party. TROLLS include all off-night cast members. The FULL CAST should be onstage for the PARTY SONG*). The HULDREMAIDEN move upstage & greet guests. A minor Gnome carries in 2 bags of gold and places them near BEEDLEKOTCH. The HEADS all smile at the GNOME who shows them some of the gold.)

King Head 1: How could you call those Huldremaidens lovely?!

King Head 2: Why...they're as ugly as humans!

Beedlekotch: I feel sorry for our little sisters.

King Head 3: Since when do we feel sorry for anyone?

Beedlekotch: They're just going through an awkward stage.

King Head 2: That's right. In a couple of years they'll be as beautiful as our wife!

King Head 1: **No one's** as beautiful as our wife!

Beedlekotch: Settle down! Here she comes.

Troll Queen: (*re-entering wearing a hideous "muu-muu" like outfit.*) How do I look, Beedie? (*King Heads whistle & hoot*)

Beedlekotch: I've never seen you look more beautiful, my dear! Are you in good voice?

Troll Queen: (*Making some ugly noises, as if vocalizing*) Never been better! Let's welcome our guests. (*In pantomime, they crudely greet all their guests, one at a time, and in groups, while the following dialogue takes place Downstage Left.*)

Gilbo: (*watching party*) I wish **I** could go to the party. I haven't been to a revel in more years than I can remember.

Inga: (*resentfully*) We're about to die and all **you** care about is going to a party?

Gilbo: There's no need to get so huffy. Why **shouldn't** I enjoy myself on my last

night on Earth? (*Trude starts to cry & grabs onto Kelsey*)

Song **“A HOUSE-TROLL’S LIFE IS A SORRY PLIGHT!” (GILBO)**

GILBO: A House-troll’s life is a sorry plight,
For it’s “work, work, work” both day and night!
Never a moment’s rest!
So before I depart this cold hard world,
May I make one request?
I’d....like....to.....
Trip the light fantastic in a magic fairy round!
Tangle with Terpsichore when dancing to the sound
Of merry flutes and tambourines, while stomping on the ground
Then bouncing up into the air while through the trees I bound!

But, alas, the time grows near
When Gilbo will no more be here!
From this earthly coil
Of trouble and of toil
I will soon depart.
But before I go
From this land of woe,
I beg you from the bottom of my heart!
Let.....me.....
Trip the light fantastic in a magic fairy round!
Tangle with Terpsichore when dancing to the sound
Of merry flutes and tambourines while stomping on the ground
Then bouncing up into the air while through the trees I bound!

(song over) (*GILBO acts forlorn and heartbroken*)

Kelsey: (*rolling her eyes and sighing*) Why don’t you join them? We can’t possibly escape from here.

Gilbo: (*brightening*) You’re absolutely right! There’s no **way** you can get out of here. I’ll just dance on the **outside** of the circle and they’ll never notice me. (*GILBO sneaks around the outer edges of the party-goers.*)

Inga: That hideous King will **never** return our tree. He probably plans to cook us for his next meal

Kelsey: We **have** to think of a way to trick him into setting us free and returning our tree. But...how?

Trude: (*still holding onto Kelsey & looking up at her*) Kelsey, I’m afraid.

Kelsey: I know. So am I. Let me sleep on it and maybe something will come to me. Maybe my fylgja will speak to me in a dream again?

Inga: *(under her breath, but, still audible)* Well, **that** certainly makes me feel safe.

Kelsey: *(reproachfully)* Please, feel free to offer any suggestions **you** might have, Inga.

Inga: I **will!** *(pause)* As soon as I think of something. *(Inga lays down & goes to sleep)*

Kelsey: *(seeing Trude is asleep, she carefully lays her down, then says a little prayer.)* Please, fylgja, if you really do exist, please help us now. *(Kelsey goes to sleep. Lights come down on sisters. LIGHTS UP brighter on the Mountain Troll party.)*

SONG

“Mountain Troll Party Song”

ALL: Party! With the Mountain Trolls!
Party! With the Mountain Trolls!

T. QUEEN: When I get tired of the cavework,
And I’m really feelin’ blue,
I call my friends to come on over,
Come on over to this zoo!
I’m lookin’ fine, but not too good!
I don’t like to overdo,
“Good taste” is the motto I always try to live up to.

ALL: Come up and party! Party with the Mountain Trolls! (4X)

GILBO & GNOMES: When we hear that crazy beat,
Makes us move our little feet!
We start shakin’ all around.
When we hear that funky sound!

ALL: Party! With the Mountain Trolls! (2X)

HULDREMAIDEN: They may be an ugly crew,
But, partyin’s the one thing they know how to do.
No one serves a better brew!

T. QUEEN: The only thing that’s missing is a human stew!

HULDREMAIDEN: What ‘cha gonna do?

ALL: Come up and party! Party with the Mountain Trolls! (4X)
(Party! Party with the trolls!)
This mountain cave will really start to shakin’!
And down below, the valley’s start to quakin’!
When we rock and roll, there can be no mistaken’,
That the Mountain Trolls, a holiday are takin’!
Party... with the Mountain
Party... with the Mountain
Party ...with the Mountain Trolls! Party!

*(After song, the carousing Trolls are exhausted & all fall asleep. The stage is in darkness as the Blue light comes up on the **FYLGJA**, Stage Left.)*

Fylgja: *(over eerie music)* Kelsey! Listen and listen well! You must set a riddle for the Troll King. Once he agrees to free you and give you your tree, you must ask him to tell you the names and numbers of the days of the week. Trolls cannot remember these things, and he will be forced to keep his promise to you. But, don’t forget...you must make him **promise** or he won’t be bound by his word!

*(The blue light fades, & the **Storytellers** light comes up, Stage Right.)*

Storyteller 1: Thus, the fylgja answered Kelsey’s prayer.

Storyteller 2: The next morning, the war council was convened.

Storyteller 1: Kelsey and her sisters were brought before King Beedlekotch and there Kelsey made her challenge.

Scene 10 “The Riddle”

*(Lights up on **Kelsey & the group** as **THEY** are brought before **BEEDLEKOTCH**. **GILBO** is acting very nervous. Kelsey pantomimes talking to **BEEDLEKOTCH**. **BEEDLEKOTCH’S HEADS** pantomime conferring amongst themselves about whether to accept the challenge.)*

Storyteller 2: There is nothing more intriguing to a troll than a good riddle.

Storyteller 1: Oh, yes. *(nodding)* A good riddle is always the downfall of a troll. And Beedlekotch was no exception.

Storyteller 2: Beedlekotch was **so** vain he thought no one could fool him.

SONG **“NOTHING BEATS A RIDDLE LIKE A JOKE!”**
 (Kelsey, Inga & Trude)

Kelsey: Before we die I’d like to try to quell an ancient rumor.
 It’s widely said that Trolls are bred to have a sense of humor.
 And, judging by your offspring, I can see that it is true.
 So, maybe we can strike a deal,
 Here’s what I’d like to do.

 Although we know a human’s not as bright as any troll,
 We could stage a little contest that you might find quite droll.
(TROLLS look stupid. KELSEY explains.)

Kelsey: Funny? *(TROLLS nod, “Oh!”)*

(sung) We’ll pose for you a riddle, and if you get it right,
 You can season us with garlic and have human stew tonight!
 But, should your answer turn out to be wrong,
 You’ll set us free (and Gilbo too!) and we’ll just run along!

Beedlek: *(spoken)* But, why should I agree to a contest? I can eat you now
 if I like?

Inga: That’s true, but a challenge whets the appetite!

Kelsey: We’ll taste so much more delicious when you’ve proven you’re smarter
 than us!

Beedlek: I don’t know. *(shaking his “heads”)*

Troll Kid: *(having a tantrum)* Please, daddy! I wanna hear a riddle! I wanna hear a
 riddle **NOW!**

Beedlek: Isn’t she cute? All right...the little one wants a riddle, she gets a riddle!

Kelsey: *(singing)* Oh...Nothing Beats A Riddle Like A Joke!
 Never try to fix it if it isn’t broke!
 Just double in half!
 And have a good laugh!
 ‘Cause Nothing Beats A Riddle Like A Joke!

Inga: Why did the chicken cross the road? *(Girls: Cross the road?)*

Beedle: To get to the other side! *(Girls: Ha! Ha! Ha!)*

Trude: Why did the whale cross the ocean?

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- Beedle:** To get to the other tide! (Girls: That’s right!)
- Inga:** What happens when the sun gets tired?
- Beedle:** Let’s see, It sets for awhile! (Girls: Good job!)
- Kelsey:** When can you be in a river and not get wet?
- Beedle:** Ha! When you’re in “de-Nile”! (Girls: Ha, ha, ha!)
- Kelsey:** What’s in December that’s not in the other months?
- Beedle:** That’s easy! The letter “D”.
- Kelsey:** Well, what did the beach say when the tide came in?
- Beedle:** Long time no sea! (Girls: He,he,hee!)
- Kelsey:** Well, I can see you’re quite an expert, still I’d like to try,
- Beedle:** There’s no way you can beat me, so prepare to die!
- Kelsey:** Please, don’t speak so loudly, you’ll make my sisters cry!
- Beedle:** You shouldn’t have come out here, so kiss them all good-bye!
- Kelsey:** Forgive me if you think that I misspoke,
But, Nothing Beats A Riddle Like A Joke! (*song over*)
- Beedlek:** (*spoken*) This is no joke, Missy!
- Kelsey:** I can see I’m no match for you.
- Beedlek:** (*shouting*) Set your last riddle!
- Kelsey:** Do you promise to set us free and give us back our tree if we win?
- Beedlekotch:** I told you I accepted your challenge.
- Kelsey:** You **must** say you promise!
- Beedlekotch:** (*annoyed*) Alright, alright!
- King’s Heads:** (*sing-song and annoyed*) I promise!

Kelsey: Very well. Then tell me **this!** How many **days** are in a week and what are their names?

Beedlekotch: *(All Heads grimace. They know they have been tricked, but, they try anyway.)* Days of the week, you say? Now, let me see... That would be...three...

Head 1: Ten!

Head 2: Twenty!

Beedlekotch: No, no, no! Wait!

Head 3: Five!

Head 1: Two!

Head 2: Twelve!

Beedlekotch: Yes. That’s it! Twelve! And their names are....

Head 1: Hairy Day!

Head 2: Fat day!

Head 3: Ugly day!

Head 1: Dog day!

Head 3: And stinky day!

Beedlekotch: There! I won!

Kelsey: I’m sorry, but, you’re wrong! There are **seven** days in a week and their names are Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday! Now, give us our tree and send us home like you promised!

Beedlekotch: You **tricked** me!

(King Magnar, Forest Trolls & Gilbo laugh behind their hands at Beedlekotch.)

King Magnar: You promised, Beedlekotch!

Beedlekotch: So I did. Very well, give them the tree and get them out of my sight!
(Some TROLLS carry in the tree.)

(At that moment a group of Trolls come running in from Upstage Left, dragging with them Mrs. Larssen & the Royal Party.)

Mountain Troll 1: Oh, great King Beedlekotch! Look what we’ve captured! *(Laughing hysterically & dragging Mrs. Larssen to the front.)*

Kelsey: Mother!? What are **you** doing here?!

King Heads: Ha, ha, ha!

Beedlekotch: It seems we’ll have human stew for dinner, after all!

Kelsey: *(screaming at Beedlekotch as she & her sisters run up to their mother)* You can’t do that!

Beedlekotch: *(mockingly)* Oh, my dear, you and your sisters are free to go. I **did** promise. **But**...I must detain your mother and her friends. So...be on your way before I change my mind!

(Loud noises & a commotion are heard from the back of the crowd where the Princess is being held by Prince Oddlebot.)

Princess Valkyrie: *(shouting)* Keep your hands to yourself, sonny! How dare you touch a Princess! I’ll smack you silly, you overgrown toad! *(A slap & thump are heard [caused by Oddlebot being struck & falling down] The Princess comes plowing through the crowd.)* Who’s in charge here?

(All Trolls gasp in amazement. They are “wowed” by the Princess whom they consider to be absolutely gorgeous.)

Beedlekotch: *(gushing)* What vision of loveliness has entered our lowly realm?

Princess: Very funny, fat-heads! Do you think there’s enough brains among the four of you to tell me where the door is? I want out of here, NOW!

Prince Oddlebot: *(crawling on hands & knees through crowd, & grabbing on the hem of the Princess’s gown.)* Strike me again, oh fair one! *(To Beedlekotch)* Father! I **must** have this beautiful creature for my wife!

Princess: *(pulling her skirt from him)* Get lost, lizard!

Prince Oddlebot: Do not **scorn** me, radiant flower! I will **die** without you!

Princess: *(annoyed)* Don't let **me** stop you! *(to crowd)* Look, you losers, understand that I am a princess and I won't **tolerate** being manhandled! **Furthermore**, if I ever **do** marry, it won't be to some poor slob like you! I want **gold** and lots of it!

King Heads: *(grinning & looking at each other)* Gold?!

Beedlekotch: Why...fair one...you may have all the gold you wish for! **If...**you consent to marry my son, Prince Oddlebot.

Princess: *(eyeing him suspiciously)* Oddlebot, eh? Well, that's certainly appropriate. Let's see the gold, first!

Beedlekotch: *(pointing to the bags at his feet)* Son! Show her the gold!

(ODDLEBOT brings the bags to the PRINCESS who is impatiently tapping her foot.)

Prince Oddlebot: Is this enough, oh fair one?

(HE shows her the gold. Meanwhile, the trolls are bowing in front of the Princess, trying to touch the hem of her gown. Prince Oddlebot keeps “shooing” them away, because he wants the Princess all for himself.)

Princess: *(impressed)* You know, Oddlebot, you're starting to look **real** good to me. *(Remembering her Mother & the war.)* But, about this war thing. My mother's **very** upset about it, and when **my** mother's upset, **I'm** upset.

Prince Oddlebot: *(Drooling & unctuous)* I'm **sure** my father can work something out. *(To Beedlekotch, whining)* Father! **Do** something!

Beedlekotch & Heads: War? What war? *(grinning stupidly)*

King Magnar: *(stepping forward)* Just a moment, Beedlekotch! This is **our** war too, and we will not accept a unilateral truce!

Beedlekotch & Heads: *(roaring)* Who cares what you want?!

King Magnar: *(persisting)* I represent the best interests of my people, and I will not stand by while they are murdered by woodsmen!

Prince Leif: *(stepping forward)* Wait! I am Prince Leif. Surely we can negotiate a peace that will benefit everyone!

Kelsey: Yes! Perhaps if King Magnar could tell us his complaints, we could remedy them?

King Magnar: My complaints? Most certainly! **First**, every time a woodsman chops down a tree without asking permission, he kills **all** the trolls who live within the branches.

R. Secretary: What if we asked **permission** before we cut it down?!

Ivar: *(to King M.)* That **would** give the Trolls time to leave.

Forest Troll 1: *(shouting in protest)* But...the humans were destroying too many trees!

Forest Troll 4: We won't have any place to move to!

Kelsey: Maybe we could raise trees from pine cones, like I did, and replant the forests?

King Magnar: *(conferring with Ivar & Halvor)* That would be agreeable to us. But, *(to Prince Leif)* your mother, the Queen, must plant **this** little tree *(indicating the girls' tree that was brought on earlier)* in front of her palace as a gesture of good will. As long as that tree lives and grows, we will keep our bargain.

Prince: You have my word on it!

Scene 11 “The Fianle- At the Court”

Storyteller 1: And so began the Great Peace.

Storyteller 2: The troll-faced Princess married Prince Oddlebot...

Storyteller 1: And Kelsey married the handsome Prince Leif.

Storyteller 2: The human Queen was happy again, and planted the little fir tree in the town square in front of the Royal Palace.

Storyteller 1: Every year at Winter Solstice, she decorated the tree with golden ornaments provided by her daughter, who was content with her new husband and family.

Storyteller 2: The little fir tree grew as a symbol of peace and prosperity, evergreen and vibrant.

Storyteller 1: Parents told their children the story of Kelsey and the trolls for years to come...

Storyteller 2: And the Great Peace lasts....even today.

*(The cast acts out narration of the Storytellers, with the **Queen** entering.)*

SONG

“Something Alive”

QUEEN: Something alive....
A sign that will speak to all men.
Something to remind me that Spring
Will come again

KELSEY: Something alive....
To show me that hope springs eternal;
I want something that’s vibrant and green;

QUEEN: A symbol of what life can mean,
KELSEY: An emblem of dreams that survive,
BOTH: Something alive....

ALL: Then, when the nights are growing cold,
I’ll still have one reminder of
Summer, when youth was mine to hold...
A time when my heart was filled with love,
KELSEY: Was filled with love...
ALL: Something alive....
A sign that will speak to all men.
Something to remind me that Spring
Will come again.
Something alive....
To show me that hope springs eternal;
I want something that’s vibrant and green;
A symbol of what life can mean,
An emblem of dreams that survive,
Something alive! Something alive!
Something alive! Something alive!
Something ali.....ve!

THE END

